THE DOOMED NAME

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

A miniature of her in my possession shows | reached before. a face of girlish contour and coloring, with I finished it late one night and for the large, deep eyes, ham in z in their wistful- first time for weeks slept dreamlessly ness, full of tender sion, of subdued afterwards, waking with a name upon my emotion, and unexpressed suffering. Above | lips that was unfamiliar to me-Zara Czarthe oval brow, clouds or soft hair ruffle in | itza! orderly disorder, hair that should still be

and looks like drifts of fine gossamer. hold the secret of a great silence. I give name. It had come to me unsought, as an the story just as it came to me from her, inspiration, just as the story had. I deallowing her to speak for herself.

When I was a girl I used to study my face in the glass sometimes and ask myself, shuddering, what it meant. The inexplicable sensation of a double identity that came to me now and again in the midst of my commonplace life, was like a dark, intangible shadow cast by some material and awful substance beyond my visionbeyond even my imagination. There were moments, rare but recurring and vivid, when I felt that experiences outside my actual personal knowledge were in some way connected with me and linked my future to them.

But in between these unusual phases of feeling I was just an ordinary girl, with only the normal difficulties of a rather troubled home to contend against, and with sufficient work of a general kind in my daily round to leave little time for romantic speculations.

And when Theodore Carleton, in his own simple, straightforward fashion fell in love with me and asked me to marry him, I telt no misgivings, for I knew that he was trustworthy and true, and would guard me with his life from any sorrow or danger.

Love had not dawned upon my heart; or at least not in the friendly guise that I believed it should wear. There had been a week, just before I met Theodore, of a strange happiness and disquietude mingled; a happiness that I feared, a disquietude that I courted; but it did not occur to me that the man who roused both these feelings was a man whom I could love.

I stayed for that week with a friend whose husband was a barrister, and there came to the house every day his fidus Achates, a barrister also, Armine Bordeau, who had the reputation of being one of the most rising lawyers of the day. My friend declared laughingly that I had made a conquest of a woman-hater, but I knew intuitively that the interest Mr. Bordeau manifested in me was not this sort of atmoments of our meeting, he was repelled by me, although later he seemed gradually to succumb to a kind of fascination I possessed for him. In any case, we parted only friends; and on the day I said goodbye to him, he gave me a glimpse of his train of thought.

We were taking tea at his chambers in the temple, and I had been wandering round the room looking at his photographs and pictures, and had halted opposite a small table laden with papers. My glance, resting on it, did not consciously take in any of its contents, but Mr. Bordeau, coming quickly up to me, pushed the papers together, laying a blank sheet over them,

"These are dry documents to occupy such bright eyes, Miss Chester. Come and look at something more interesting."

I glanced at him reproachfully, for he had not before paid me the doubtful compliment of being complimentary, and I saw that he was gazing at me with a strange, troubled, intent regard.

"Tell me," he said, abruptly, "does similiarity of appearance between two people mean a kindred disposition?"

"I cannot say for certain," I answered; "I have never met two people who greatly resembled each other. But I should fancy that one's double must be more or less like one in temperment. Of whom are you thinking, Mr. Bordeau?"

"Of you, Zella," His voice was so low that the others could not have heard: I scarcely caught the words myself, and the surprise of my own name coming from his lips took away all power of speech for a moment. In that moment he had recovered his usual impas-

devoted himself to the duties of host. For the rest of the afternoon he made no direct speech to me, and I never met his glance, but as we said good-bye, he detained my hand for an instant, and

siveness, and turning to the old tea-table.

shrinking from even the hope that I should started out to me those two words, "Zara band of ice, that burnt and froze me like ever learn the meaning of them.

years of service, and when my husband | voice--" now, and I knew that I must trust to my with a startled horror in them. own resources.

the trivial manner that the most important | you. Save me." that I might earn a little money by writ- inner door behind the partition. ing. I came upon a packet of stories and As it closed after her and I turned to I They raised me gently, taking away the verses penciled in idle mood at odd moments, and I thought I would try my luck with them.

That was how I began to be a writer. Success-that is so capricious, coming quite easily and unexpectedly to some, withholding itself from the most ardent pursuit of others quite as capable-came to me; the moderate success of having contributions accepted and of being invited to send more; not the phenomenal one of making a great name by one book and en-

tering the front rank of authors and jour-But this sort of success has to be kept up; you must hold yourself at a certain level or beyond it; your name does not guarantee you from failure if your stories cease to interest; criticism decides that you have

overwritten yourself and you are left out. I shared a little flat in town with a fellow-worker, and I was anxious not to fail in the arrangement planned between us, therefore when I found during the second summer that my mind was tired and writing had become an effort I grew troubled and uneasy. My brain was dull and dormant by day and at night feverishly active, so that I was often sleepless and was haunted by the old thoughts and visions of

It was during one of these phases that I wrote, at fever heat, my best story-weird, imaginative and of breathless interest even to myself. Even as I wrote-the phrases

a double entity.

This story-which reads like an old-time | forming themselves so quickly in my crain romance-was related to me in the present | that I could not set them down fast enough century, by a woman whose bizarre beauty | -my pulses beat high and I knew that the makes her remarkable wherever she goes. story was beyond any landmark I had

I had once or twice thought it might be fair, but has been prematurely whitened | well for different reasons to write under a pseudonym, and the resolve clenched itself The folded lips, gravely sweet, seem to with the half waking utterance of this cided I would link them together and that "The Scapegoat" should stand on its own

merits as a story by an unknown writer. When it appeared in a magazine and I read it in print I found one singular detail which I had not noticed before-that the man whom I had described so vividly bore a strong resemblance to Armine Bordeau.

I had never seen him since that last day at the Temple: I had not allowed his memory to dwell in my mind, yet here was a sketch of him so finished as to be a veritable portrait, and written when no remembrance of him was present with me.

It seemed strange, and I wondered whether he would ever read the story and see it for himself, but decided that this was unlikely since his tastes did not lie in the direction of light literature.

"The Scapegoat" was mentioned in many reviews of the magazine, and "Zara Czaritza" was asked for another of the same caliber. I wrote several, always under this vague influence that seemed to impel me to write; and the name of Zara Czaritza gained a far greater distinction than that of Zeila Carleton had done.

But I felt a marked reluctance to acknowledge my new venture to anyone, and I preserved my secret even from the correspondence as Zara from a room which rented over a little shop in a dull street of northwest London.

Under this new exhilaration life seemed to be brighter again, and I remember feeling hopeful and almost happy when one afternoon I ascended the stairs to my "den." It was a Saturday, and I knew that the shop closed at 2 and the people went away leaving the house empty. I found the outside door still open, however, and as I passed up the stairs the landlady called out to me from below:

"A lady wished to see you, so I let her wait in your room and stopped in till you

I heard her go out of the back door as she finished speaking, leaving it ajar; no doubt she concluded that my visitor would be departing shortly. I imagined it must be someone in search of a story from "Zara," and felt a transient annoyance at being sought out personally.

My room was divided into two by a thin partition with a door in it, and when I entered the first one and, glancing round, found it apparently empty, I crossed quickly to the inner door, feeling my vexation greatly increased by what seemed an unpardonable liberty on the part of my guest.

There was a swift movement behind me, and when I turned round an exclamation of surprise greeted me, and was simultaneous with one from myself.

The woman who was staring at me as if

she had been struck by lightning was my exact counterpart. "Who are you?" She spoke imperiously,

in accents that I had never used, but the "I should ask you that," I answered,

steadily, though my heart was beating with a sudden sense of impending danger. "I came here to see a man," she went on; 'the woman of the house allowed me to believe that I should do so. Are these

rooms yours?" "They are; and I do not expect visitors

"But Zara Czaritza is--"

"Is not a man." "It is a woman?" she questioned, in low, awed whisper. "There exists another

I recoiled from her. "It is your name?"

How could it have come to me?" And even as I said the words, the fugitive to the back of it. Then he crept to the knowledge of a thing I had never realized, window, looked out stealthily, and ran had, indeed, never even known, came to me like a bolt from the blue. "Zara | ting it open And as he returned to the table in a dream, but in my waking life. Where? eyes, a sob rising in my throat suffocated The room faded from me, and I was back | me, and a crimson mist seemed to gather "It must be good-bye. Zeila-good-bye." again in Armine Bordeau's chambers at before my sight and to envelop me. So when I returned home I buried the the Temple, standing before a table laden | A pulse like the beat of a hammer rememberance of those few days in a with papers. The corner of one of them, seemed to strike a knell in my brow, and grave of my own digging, welcoming every turned down, was covered with fine, for- in the midst of a great tumult of sound layer that chance and time heaped on it, eign-looking writing, and from this there and an impenetrable darkness I felt a

And for one year-a dividing line between | "I thought," she said, hurriedly, "that it | * * * * * * * me and my girlhood's life-I was moderate- was a man-a man who has reason to I was lying on the floor, something cool ly happy and content in a home of my own hate me-who had taken my name and and pleasant on my face, soft hands holdwith a husband who loved me and cher- written under it as a bait to lure me from ing and gently rubbing mine, and the air ished me as if I were a flower that must | my hiding-place. I came here to scorn and | from an open window blowing round me. be guarded from every passing breath of defy him. It is a mistake, and-it fright- I raised my eyelids, which felt strangely The miniature has "Zeila Bordeau at the conditions and carry out the law. I etc. "The whole round year is full of these are the conditions for prosperity and wind. We were not poor, but his income ens me. I am brave, as a rule, but you- heavy, and met only whiteness, what twenty-two" written beneath it, and when came chiefly from a government appoint- so like me-looking at me with my own seemed to my wandering senses to have no people see it they invariably say: "What ment which carried no pension until after eyes, speaking to me with my own form or substance. Was this blindness? a lovely, strange face. I am quite sure

died quite suddenly and unexpectedly from | She broke off, shuddering, and as we curiosity. a hidden weakness of the heart I found my- stood there silent I heard a quick, light Then I stirred, and tried to speak, but self with barely £60 a year to live on. The step come in at the door below and up no sound came; and my tongue seemed lifedoors of my father's home were no longer | the stairs toward my room. The color fled | less between parched lips. A voice-my own open to me, for a stepmother reigned there from her face; her eyes turned to mine voice, surely-said: "Are you better? Shall

"My life is in your hands," she whis- pain you?"

tightly round my mouth so that my voice died, strangled in my throat, and I found myself gagged and helpless. Lithe, supple the scarf down so that my eyes were free.

acing triumph were light and small, and matched a pale face, insignificant of feature, with scanty fair hair and moustache. Thin lips smiled at me, and an unpleasant voice, with some foreign accent in it, said:

"So, the bird was quickly trapped! Now that you can make no sound, mademoiselle, I will tell you a few things. First, that I am not going to kill you; that is not my mission. Next, that your fate has long been signed and sealed by-" He broke off and made a sign like a dagger stroke with his hand. "Next, that the measure of your punishment depends on your present obedience. I am going to release one of your hands, and if you write as I tell

you, there may be mitigation." He untied my right hand, placed a chair near the table, put paper and a pencil ready, and signed to me to sit down and "Be quick," he said; "if we are inter-

rupted, it must be death for you. My orders are to risk nothing. Write: 'I am Zara Czarita. I have sinned, and my punishment is complete and just."

I sat staring at the paper, pencil in hand, my mind a blank except for those five words: "I trust you. Save me."

On the other side of the partition was the woman in whose place Fate had thrust me; whose punishment was about to be dealt out; the woman whose boasted courage had step, and who was silent.

Then, almost without volition of my own, I wrote: "I am Zara Czarita, but I have not sinned, and punishment would not be

He snatched the paper and read it frowningly. I signed to him to put it down, and added: "Why have you no mercy? I am a He caught at my hand and took the pencil

from me. The restless movement of his eyes and hands and something furtive in his whole demeanor betrayed to me touch of madness. This emissary of doom, whoever he was, had a mind unhinged, I felt sure, by some fanaticism, either of religion or politics; it would be useless to plead with him.

The numb sensation that the first shock had given to me was gone, and my mind was working furiously. How could I escape without betraying the other woman, this Zara whom involuntarily I had been the means of leading here to this fatal meeting? Could I reach the window before he stopped me, and, opening it with my one free hand, attract attention from outside? Vain thought! The alley which my room overlooked was generally deserted, and in any case before help could reach me this

man would carry out his threat. He was evidently debating some mental question; he glanced from me to the paper, looked at his watch, walked to the door, keeping his eyes on me all the time, and locked it, then returned, and, evading my glance, said, briefly:

"Traitors have no sex. The -- have spoken." Again he made a downward movement as though stabbing someone with his right hand. "I dare not delay," he said; "you have lost your chance of mitigation. Listen. Death was considered too good for you; you are to keep your life and lose your sight. So shall your life be spent in darkness as a traitor's should-in darkness, and in waiting for the doom whose approach you cannot see."

He took from his pocket a bottle containing some white fluid, poured it on a handkerchief, and then laid it on the table. "There will be pain," he said; "but not more pain than you dealt out to others by your treachery. As you suffer, you will remember them.'

He was evidently repeating words that had been already said to him.

Then he took my hand to tie it again to the other. I struggled with him desperately; in my agony of fear I would even uerhaps have reached the door leading to the inner room, and betrayed to him the woman of whose presence he was so absolutely unconscious. I don't know. At such times of mortal terror one has no connected thoughts. She must have heard

in this world, like me in everything as in | all he said-and she refused to speak! The struggle only lasted a moment: for he was strong with a madman's strength; I asked in my turn. "Your own name? and then he pressed me down on to the chair and secured the cord round my wrists

white fire, decend upon my eyes.

The terror had gone; I felt only a languid that woman has a story."

I lift you up? Tell me first if your eyes

It occurred to me by chance one day, in pered, as she caught my hand. "I trust | But I could not answer; my speech had escaped the control of my will; I could steps of life frequently decide themselves. And she vanished noiselessly through the only sign for the clouds to be lifted from my sight.



VERY GALLANT. Miss Summerville (who has hit the caddle in the eye with her golf stick)-Oh! I beg your pardon; I'm awfully sorry. Caddie-Dat's all right; I've got anuder eye left.

see who was entering, a scarf, flung so | cool bandage, and I found that they were | ach, it was de same, de very same; de dexterously that I had no time to snatch | kneeling on either side of me-Zara and | linden tree on one side de front door, and at it, enveloped my face and was drawn | Armine Bordeau,

with a deep breath. "Thank Heaven!" fingers secured my wrists and tied them | the cord cut and dangling from it, was | bruder on de lounge, und dere was mine together behind my back, and then drew overturned by the table; the handkerchief seester Katrina, frying dese batter-cake which was prepared for my destruction | for de supper. Den I schpeak out, und I The eyes looking into mine with men- lay on the floor; there had been a struggle say: 'I want to shtay here all night.' Und evidently at the instant that I lost con- | my bruder schpeak up, gruff, und he say:

my thoughts, still bewildered, wandered say more as gruff again: 'Ve don't take back through chaos to the dim remem- no peoples to shtay here all night.' Den I brance of the man's last words to me. I shteps in de door, und I say, in deep voice rose, and, walking to the chair, lifted it | like dis: 'Adolph!' Und Adolph schump and sat down on it. Then at last I found | up wild, und he say: 'Mein Gott! Who is

"Tell me," I said, "I am all right now. How did it happen?"

"Tell her all," said Zara, brokenly. "Another time," Armine said; "I must take her home now. And you, Zara?" "I will return to my hiding place," she answered. "I am safe there. They would never have tracked me here if I had not come out of it. But listen. All these years | PLEASANT. PROSPEROUS YEARS: you have hated me and vowed vengeance on me. I loved your friend, and I betrayed the society to him for love of him. Then he was false to me-yes, false. You doubt it? I had proofs. So I betrayed him in turn, and the night that some of the band were trapped through his information he was killed himself. I knew that I was doomed, but I fled in safety. When I read that story, 'The Scapegoat,' I thought you had written it; they were my own thoughts that were in it, and the man was you-you, as I remembered you. I hated you for it, and I determined at any risk to come and suddenly left her at the sound of this man's | tell you the truth about your friend whom you thought so perfect."

She had risen and faced him, her voice vibrating with passion, and I read in her face even more than she said; I read that the motive of her double treachery had useless and that he loathed her unspeak-

I could guess that the dead friend, whose

power, I desire it no longer. I thought you brave before-an adversary worth fighting. let an innocent person suffer for her."

He looked at me. with her hands.

not move; my limbs and my tongue played me false. But what brought you here-how was it that you came?"

"I have been endeavoring to trace you for a long time," he answered, sternly. thought it was written by you. It seemed to me no other could have written it. I came here on Saturday afternoons. The description of her answered to you. I was outside the door at the moment that the man unlocked it and I heard what he said and believed him to be addressing you. was only just in time-if she had not fallen at that instant the bandage would have been round her eyes. And you-you would have been too late."

"You are not worth punishment." he said,

"yet I believe you will pay your penalty some day. But I have done with you. That have returned and be watching. Every moment adds to your danger. Go." "And she?" said Zara, looking at me.

"She is and shall be safe with me henceforth," he replied, steadily.

Her lips quivered and she came to me and kissed my hand.

"You have all that I have lost," she said. "Honor, courage, love-everything. You are myself as I might have been. I have known dreams. That was what frightened me so, We shall never meet again, I am sure. Think as kindly of me as you can." And she was gone.

Then Armine stooped and lifted me in his

"There is no barrier between us any longer," he said. "I know now how different you are to her. Zeila, I have loved you from the first. Let us forget all that has come in between. Some day I will tell you

But I laid my fingers on his lips. 'I want to think kindly of her." He took me home and I was very ill after that for some time until the memory of

that afternoon grew fainter. wedding day.

youth, and when you are old, and always." this life the fittest beginning of the endless is most full of God. Time is most important like the genius for work. The men who are Czaritza since that day.

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[Copyright, 1902.]

In Haunted Ways. In haunted ways I set my feet, When pales the wistful after-glow; The ghostly presence is so sweet, No lightest fear my heart may know!

The sigh of darksome boughs I hear-

One spell the whispering leaves repeat:

One only face I meet! In haunted ways I set my feet, day, by night-where'er I range; The ghostly presence is so sweet, My heart, forsooth, desires no change! Clear rings the thrush's matin call, The wakening eyes of flowers I greet;

One only face I meet! In haunted ways I set my feet, Where'er I go-where'er I go; The mystic thraildom is complete; And yet, it was not always so. Then first my heart did truly beat!

One only face I meet! -Edith Thomas, in Harper's Bazar.

FREDA'S HOME-COMING.

In a ramble along a back street one sweltering July morning, a pedestrian saw a jolly-faced, rotund, old German woman, knee-deep in an old-fashioned garden. As the outsider lingered to admire the homely blossoms-hollyhocks, lilies, pinks, larkspur and petunias-the owner of the garden plot said pleasantly:

"You lofe flowers? Come in; I geef you some bookay," So the pedestrian entered and, over the quaint, wild, old-fashioned flowerbeds, soon

became intimate with the dear old German lady. She could speak English, but brokenly, yet her discourse had a music of its

"Ach," she said, "dese larkspurs, dey grow in mine of country-all aroun' in mine childhood's home dey grow. For forty years I did not see mine childhoodt's home, but last summer I go; by myself go, mit some odder ladies I know on de same boat. When I come to my home-place-

mine fader's grave on de odder side. I "I was in time, then," murmured Armine, | not let my seester und mine bruder know dat I was home-kommen! So I goes up to We were in my room still; the chair with de door und I looks in. Dere was mine 'Ve don't take no peoples to shtay here I passed my hand over my eyes; they all night. Den I say: 'I geef you 5 were unhurt and my sight was clear, but | marks if I shtay here all night' Den he dat?' Den Katrina she schream 'Freda, mine Freda!' und she let all dem battercakes burn."

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

By Rev. Daniel H. Overton, D. D., Pastor Greene-Avenue Presbyterian

"If they hearken and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasantness."-Job xxxvi., 11.

We have here in the text the conditions laid down for prosperous days and pleasant years, and we notice, first, why condi-

tioned. We fulfill the conditions and we been love for Armine, love that had turned | get the good. The greatest and best promto hate when she found that her crime was | ises of God have "if" in them that concerns us. We take care of the "if" and God takes care of the fulfillment of the promise. and upon the unjust man's as well. "I have desired revenge on you," said | there are other blessings that come only to misses altogether because he does not fulfill I know you now, a coward who would have | fact, and to have it so firmly fixed that it shall not escape us. Things do not go by Zara turned white and covered her face | world, which seems sometimes so badly out of joint. Things go and come by law, and "No, no," she exclaimed. "I was going to the law of their coming or going can be save her at the very moment you rushed | quite definitely fixed. Effects argue causes us back to the unseen, and the unseen be-

dame, as she so often is pictured to be, who "When the story appeared and I read it I | She has smiles for all if only they knew it, and knew how to win them. All seek her smiles, but they do not know how to win. them, and many turn smiles into frowns finite difficulty-and I found out that she because they do not know how to use them. A RESULT OF LAW.

and fortune frowns instead of smiles.

Happiness is not happenness. Happiness does not happen. It is not a gaudy toy that we get by a blind grasp from the world's grab bag. It is a resultant of fundamental forces and fixed functions. It is born of holiness and it is not something for the you for years; I have met you in my few, but for all those who will seek it in

all the happiness that is good for him. I know that it is true that all are seeking happiness and few are finding it, but it is not because happines is a "will o' the wisp" or a false fire along life's way. It is cannot be found and trying to get it in ways that cannot produce it. They are trying to be happy without "trying to be holy," and happiness does not grow on that "Let us never speak of her again," I said, tree. The eternal law of happiness and the one great condition is holiness. Who I would abide in peace and tranquil ease,

seeks holiness is happy the laurel wreath or crown for the one should be, but I know that He has condi- call of God to service, then the loving, loyal It was on the day that I looked in the winner, and won only by the genius, the tioned their prosperity and happiness, and service. We are here to serve. "If any glass and saw the change that had come ten-talented man. It is within the reach of that we must fulfill these conditions to get man would be great among you let him over me, that Armine asked me to fix our all who will fulfill the conditions of the the prosperity and pleasantness. What, serve." race and run his best for the prize. Every then, are the conditions? "I can't marry you, Armine," I said. man cannot win what the world calls suc- First-Attention to God. "If they heark- They are nowhere more important than in "See, my hair is white-I am an old cess, but every man can win success if he en." We must hear and heed God's voice God's kingdom. I believe prosperity, happi-"You are mine," he said. "Mine in your est, highest success? It is the making of year. That year is most prosperous which than on anything else. There is no genius But I have never signed the name of Zara life. Who does this, succeeds. Who does and rich when it is most full of eternity succeeding are men with the talent for toil. not do this, fails. But I claim all can do and of eternal things. The world is full of This is true in the world's work. This is this. It is in the reach of all if they fulfill God. "The heavens declare His glory," success is nevertheless within the reach of | called Moses to do a great work for Him. all who are willing to have it and get it in | We must hear and we must heed if we

the right way. SOME OF THE CONDITIONS. With these thoughts in mind we are not | best prosperity. Attention is the great conat all surprised to find our text starting | dition of prosperity and success in all walks out with an "if." We are not surprised to of life. No man succeeds without attention learn that prosperous and pleasant years | to his task. So no man can have success are conditioned. They are resultants of cer- in Christian work without attention to God. tain causes. They come by fulfillment of | Service is the second condition of pros-

Nearly everything that is good is condi-There are some blessings that are for all 'Think he will rise again, my little one?"

Prosperity is a product of firmly fixed and knowable laws and conditions. Those laws known, those conditions fulfilled, prosperity who will know, follow or fulfill laws and conditions. What makes these years prosperous years in our Nation? They are not by chance. They can be traced to well-The scorn of his words lashed her, I could | known causes, and to fulfilled conditions. Fertile fields? Yes, but to fertile fields well tilled. To tariff laws fixed for the time at least and to confidence in all lines of busidence departs and business becomes dull

> Holiness is a condition of happiness, and if a person seeks to be holy he will have

207.-INITIAL CHANGE. Above in PRIMAL sky the sun doth blaze; The heat aquiver rises from the plain; The distant hills swim in a smoky haze. THE CONDITIONS ATTACHED. Beyond the yellow fields of ripened grain.

Here drowsy cattle gather in the shade, The cawing crows have sought a cool re-Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1-2-3-4-5-6, but there was a *-1-2-3-4-5-6 in the legislature who entered into some sort of *-1-2-3-4-5-6 with some outsiders to oppose him, and a *- *- 1-2-3-4-5-6 of the remainder were rather lukewarm, owing to the *-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 of a city debt which they felt could not be easily met. One man especially, the president of a power and *-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 company, was his enemy, and accused him of some *-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 of the statutes. But in the midst of all this ife had stood between them, sundered them | without distinction. God's rain falls and | *-*-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 the Governor went quietly more irrevocably than ever now, and that His sun shines upon the just man's field on his way, relying on good service for the *-*-*-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 of slander. He could Soon a *-*-1-2-3-4-5-6 set in in his favor, and *-*-*-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6, and his wife, who loves him "to *-*-*-*-1-2-3-4-5-6" was again a conditions. It is well for us to learn this happy woman. DOROTHEA. 209.-LINKADE. chance and haphazard even in this old Euron's blue waters oped their trembling

I asked, as gazing 'twixt two wandering in. Before that I was paralyzed, I could and causes produce effects. The seen leads Where he had disappeared in strange My little girl stood silent as a nun. comes real in seen results The moment's fear gave place-sweet faith was born-'Yes, he will come again tomorrow morn He FINAL comes to us with morning

> And so she clapped her hands with joy, to The rosy veil upon the water's face, ALL rosy clouds, free-floating far above. Threw down in parting token of their

No matter ONE he falls asleep at night;

210.-BURIED AUTHORS.

Dear reader, I will say, prior to beginning my story, that I hope you will not be but look sharply at this page not reading too swiftly the language couched in the black and white of the lines. but observing how it teems with great names, and you may discover words worth

Though he can ill afford it this winter, all engaged as he is in so many enterprises, gray poet, who clambers over hills ling and sundry denizens of the riley waters of the rivers, and the blue-green, everchanging sea (of which he is a lover), often fellow especially fond of such sports. His butler and his cook adding to this motley melange bacon, browning to a turn, and cabbage hot. All of this especially for

a new man, hardy and hale, and a good In addition to this there is a cow peraminto porkhood, and fowls galors, goose and Pshaw! This might have been told in I ding Veil, The Countess, rhyme, by rondeau, ballade or Homeric t ode, for it is easy enough to pop everything into verse. However, prose seems to

best befit the theme; but I must skip; lin-

gering thus advances not the sterner busi-

o'clock ere I can abed

ness of the day, and it will now be 12

ISORA E. JOSELINE.

211.-CHARADE. That whispers through these large widespreading trees! For from the maddening strife and din

Success-the highest, best success-is not pass. I believe God intends that they God to the task, then the task. First the

Within the precincts of this solitude and

would succeed-if we would succeed with the best success and be prosperous with the



206.-REBUS.

The maize field shows a thousand banners

Blackberries ripen in the SECOND glade.

No sound save hum of honey-laden bees

That rob the clover of its hidden sweet.

The cowslip's gone, the rose is on the wane;

And bends all Nature to her torrid reign. H. C. LAUGHLIN.

208.-PREFIXION.

The Governor has always been a man of

The limpid lake has now a mirror's sheen:

Weary Willie's occupation.

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

REX.



[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

> The song of birds, the flowers, the hum of Should lend their friendly powers to charm I'd find ONE every tree and TWO and

What lovely shade! As to the WHOLE the timid rabbit flees,

So would I fly to rural haunts like these, Here see with joy the morning's rosy Here greet the soaring lark and tuneful

thrush. By wood-land ways. Ah, here one always What lovely shade!

OSCEOLA.

212-ENIGMA. I am a word-a plural noun. Cut me in two in the middle and my first half is a great exhibitor scarcely excelled by Barnum nimself. It exhibits courage, strength, agility, wisdom, foolishness-in short, almost everything that can be brought to the attention of man-exhibits them singly or in

groups, but never all together. It was a great first half of me when any And haunt the pool beneath the willow one met and overcame one of the last half of me, for they, though not extinct, were very large and fierce bovine animals that roamed the forests of central Europe long before modern weapons of offense and defense were thought of even as a possibility, Mild May and gentle June have passed so that men in attacking or in meeting the attack of ferocious wild beasts were compelled to depend upon very primitive and 'Tis proud July that holds a regal sway, comparatively ineffective weapons indeed, necessitating wisdom, courage, strength and agility such as are in similar cases but seldom called for in these latter days. If you put me together again just as I was before you cut me in two, your chin will be one of me, your mouth will be one of me, your nose will be one of me, each of your eyes will be one of me, each of your ears will be one of me and even your forehead will be one of me. There is no physical peculiarity about you which will not be one of me, and yet your face alone will be

213.-REVERSAL.

T. H.

every one of me

What word am I?

They watched the glacier's frozen flow, Its course majestically slow, its mighty FIRST, like crystal rocks, Carved into cyclopean blocks. Ah, awful waste!" the poet sighed; 'Well, ain't it just?" the leeman cried; "It LAST me when I think how much it's

And there it lays, no kind of use on earth." When at the inn they took their ease, Behold more FIRST, this time of cheese,

"Ah, that's the sort," exclaimed the ice-(I really think he is a nice man.) The poet, dreaming of a rhyme. Something stupendous and sublime To join in such frivolity firbore. Communed with his own soul-and ate the

M. C. S.

PRIZE AUTHOR-HUNT. A book by one of the authors named will be presented the sender of the best list of authors found hidden in No. 210. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and in case of doubt the right will be claimed of deciding the winner by any feature thought to add special merit to one of

the nearest complete lists.

Answers. 190 .- Inconsiderate youth oftentimes demand care in raising.

191 .- I, man? I'm am I man. 192.-Mary Garvin, Maud Muller, The Last Walk in Autumn, The Sisters, Kathleen, Marguerite, The Bay of Seven Islands, The Jubilee Singers, Child Songs, A Centennial Hymn, Laus Deo, The River Path, The Tent on the Beach, At Eventide, The era; and down by the sea in quest of oyster, | Homestead, The Eternal Goodness, Our Master, Autumn Thoughts, Flowers in Winter, Winter Roses, Sweet Fern, The ccompanied by a gay young goldsmith, a Frost Spirit, Help, My Playmate, Amy Wentworth, Birchbrook Mill, Gone, The First Flowers, The Mayflowers, The Trailbut which he never burns, shad well fried | ing Arbutus, The Robin, My Birthday, The Wind of March, A Dream of Summer, At Dick insures him a diet on which to become Last, Utterance, What the Traveler Said at Sunset, A Word for the Hour, Godspeed, Within the Gate, Lucy Hooper, Chalkley Hall, A Woman, The Barefoot Boy, The Hilltop, Lexington, In Quest, The Wed-

193 .- Offens, send off. 194.-W. V. started out to walk while the chaffeur took P. W. forty miles in two hours. The latter then got out and the chaffeur returned for W. V., who had walked sixteen miles when he met the machine. Then arrived home at the same time as P. W., who had walked the remainbecause the many are seeking it where it What lovely shade, how fresh and cool the ing twelve miles in three hours. Their journey was thus made in five hours,

> 195 .- Or-a-tor. 196 .- 1, Webster (webs stir.) 2, Rider Haggard. 3, Russell Sage (rustle sage.) 4, Bill Nye (nigh.) 5, Mark Hanna (h.) 1 197.—Raised, razed.

Good works are important everywhere, will. What is success? What is the great- speaking to us day by day and year by ness, success is conditioned on service more true in God's work. Attention and worksay this, too, well knowing that the many Him." He is calling us in the common pleasant years. Would we have prosperity are failing and the few succeeding, but real things and common tasks of life as He and pleasantness as the years come and

go? Let us attend unto God, let us serve Him in sincerity and truth. A POSSIBLE END OF THE WORLD. It May Be Struck by a Comet, Though

This Is Unlikely. Hudson Maxim, in Woman's Home Com-

Although it is exceedingly improbable certain conditions. I believe the years perous and pleasant years. "If they will that the earth may be destroyed by colshould be prosperous and happy as they hearken and serve Him." First the call of lision with a comet or some huge meteor, still the fact that such a contingency is possible is sufficient ground for discussion on the subject, and for imagining what the result might be.

The earth is moving around the sun at a velocity of eighteen miles a second, while the sun, with all its attendant planets, is being hurried on toward the great fiery constellation of Hercules at a far greater velocity. The very fact that small meteors exist proves the possibility of the existence in space of meteors of inconceivable magnitude-even great black dead worlds may lie in our path, like breakers in the path of a ship. Fifty miles a second is not an unusual velocity for heavenly bodies, and some are known to move at a speed even in excess of one hundred miles a second-five hundred times the speed of a rifle ball. Small meteorites, which reach the earth at a velocity of from twenty to thirty miles a second, are instantly consumed by the friction generated with the atmosphere. Large meteors, however, occasionally reach the earth, escaping destruction from their size, but are found to have their surfaces fused from heat generated by the passage through the atmosphere. Although it is not probable, still it is possible, that the earth may some time encounter such a shower of small meteors, perhaps in the form of a comet, that the heat of combustion from friction with our atmosphere, and the poisonous gases thereby generated, might destroy all terrestrial

The Unforgivable Sin.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A man committed suicide "with one of Marie Corelli's novels in his hand." She will never forgive him. Henry James wrote a novel once in which "the heroine found her guardian asleep in his library chair holding an open copy of the New York Nation in his hand." The late E. L. Godkin never forgave Henry James for that



LITTLE TONGS-LITTLE ICE. Edith-Won't you save me all the little tin tongs you get in your boxes

of candy? Ethel-Certainly; but what do you want to do with them? Edith-I want 'em for my brother. He is going in the ice business next month.